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It Costs – But It Pays

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

This salutation, "Christ is risen!" I have not heard for many years. How pleasant it was, in old Russia, to hear the answer: "He is risen indeed." Under the Bolshevik régime, a certain atheistic lecturer gave a lecture at Easter-time, to prove that Christ had not risen. When he had delivered this long lecture before a throng of listeners, he ended by saying: "Now I think it is fully clear to you that Christ has not risen." Then a gray-haired man begged to be allowed to say a word. He was given permission to speak, but very briefly. The old man came forward, turned to face the audience, and said: "Brothers and sisters, Christ is risen!" The joyful answer resounded from the whole auditorium: "He is risen indeed."

—DR. JAMES YUK.

Published Bi-Monthly by the
AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization, Inc.,
15 PHILIPSE PLACE, YONKERS 3, N. Y.

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Subscription Price, $1.00 for two years; 10c per copy

VOL. XXXI
No. 2

MARCH-APRIL
1950

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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

"Down With Slavery!"

Dear Friends of the Fellowship:-

Cannot you hear the voice of the brave Abraham Lincoln calling out: "Down with slavery"? Though dead, he yet speaketh. "Britons never shall be slaves" was the title of a popular song, sung years ago in the old country. Today in all parts of the world people are fearing slavery. Facts regarding Russia are appalling. Authors of excellent books give us good advice. Let us rejoice because the best of Books gives us something far beyond that—which is good news, the best news, the emancipating news. "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." This is the freedom we must demonstrate by deeds that speak louder than words. Victory over sin and Satan must be proclaimed.

Lifted up was He to die;
"It is finished!" was His cry.
Now in Heaven exalted high,
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

Slaves in Europe are calling! What is their need? "Food, clothing and Scriptures," you reply. Yes; but ask Fred Stettler and he will tell you, "Chains must be broken. Sin must be exposed and conquered." That is why he is sending out thousands of Gospel leaflets, to prove from God's Word that freedom is in Christ, through His death and resurrection. He lives to emancipate slaves. And do not forget Dr. Yuk in Israel. He wrote me a cheery letter. He is a brave servant of God. Read his book and pray for him daily.

The problems of Europe cause great statesmen to stagger; but the American-European Fellowship has a band of warriors with something like Abraham Lincoln's determination: "Down with slavery!" My heart has been deeply stirred lately as I have re-studied that wonderful book of Isaiah. I agree with the late John Wilkinson, founder of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews of London, who said: "If only the Church had obeyed God—'to the Jew first'—we should have witnessed a work of the Holy Spirit that would have surprised the whole world." Let us meditate on God's command. "To the Jew first," and also to the Gentiles. Pray over it. Read Isaiah prayerfully. Ask God for His reviving power: "O Lord, begin in me."

Yours for the salvation of precious souls,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

Eldon House, Lansdowne Road, Croydon, England.

Rcentered as second class matter September 7, 1945, at the Post Office at Yonkers, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of February 28, 1925. Subscription price 50c per year. Canada and foreign, 75c.

It Costs—But It Pays

(A condensation of a talk given by the Editor before the Adult Bible Class of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Yonkers, N. Y., January 29, 1950.)

My father, Rev. Norman J. Smith, was at one time the teacher of this class, and in trying to arrange my thoughts for today I have been very conscious of his presence near me. Though I had not originally expected to be a missionary secretary, I had been all my life familiar with missionary work, and was under no illusions as to the difficulties involved. And when I took over the work of the Fellowship after my father's death, at the request of the other officers, there were certain ideals that I held clearly from the beginning.

I had seen something of the dissensions which have marred the work of various groups, and I determined that by the grace of God we would have none of them. This resolution has been kept. For, it seems to me, we cannot preach the Word effectively, unless we exemplify it in our lives. One of our missionaries made a wise remark recently, when he said that people do not pay so much attention to the Gospel bound in book form, as they do when it is bound in shoe-leather.

But the absence of dissension is not enough. It can truly be said that the Fellowship is one big family, embracing all our friends both here and abroad. The letters, the gifts, the love, that pass back and forth, bear eloquent witness to this fact. There is scarcely a corner of the world where we do not have some friendly and interested brother or sister in the Lord.

I am speaking of the personal values inherent in this work, rather than reporting to you on the work itself. And I have found that there are three kinds of personal discipline involved. There is, first, the discipline of sheer physical endurance: working long hours, often late at night, writing letters, preparing packages for our needy friends abroad, doing a thousand and one things that cannot be chronicled in detail here. And then there is the mental discipline gained by doing things you have never done before, and have to learn—as, in my case, the bookkeeping. But by God's grace the books have been correctly kept, and the auditor, in his annual report, finds no mistakes.

These disciplines, however, are trifling in comparison with the spiritual sacrifices involved. Because, as I see it, it is not enough to give every moment of your time, every ounce of physical strength you may possess, every atom of ability with which you may be endowed, unless at the same time you also give *yourself*, in a complete surrender of the will. I have made—this is said in profound humility—I have made that surrender, and since making it I have had the most unearthly joy and peace and happiness in my heart that I have ever had in all my life. I stand before you as a living witness that Jesus Christ fills every void that He makes in our lives; that for everything which He takes away from us, He gives us in return something infinitely more beautiful, precious, and more sacred.

In the service which follows this, we are to come to the table of our Lord. This is a time for searching of our hearts. It is a time when a young person may well consider what the Lord's will for him may be, with regard to full-time Christian service; or when an older person may reconsider, as I know that my father reconsidered when he was already a middle-aged man, and a successful business man, and he gave that business up, that he might devote everything to the cause of Christ. On such a day as this, we may well ask ourselves: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?" and yet more important, "What wilt Thou have me be?"

It may not be on the mountain's height,
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me;
But if by a still small voice He calls
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine,
I'll go where You want me to go.
I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord,
O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what You want me to be.

"Then Peter began to say unto him, Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee. And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life" (Mark 10.28-30).

There could be no higher service, and there could be, even on this earth, no greater reward. God bless you.

The Salvation of a Robber Band

It was already three o'clock in the morning, yet they had not slept; even the children had not lain down. Once more they drank tea, conversing together; finally, just before daybreak, they went to bed, having commended themselves to the care of God. On account of their recent experiences, the sleep of all was restless. Pasha dreamed how he had in the woods read the Gospel to his robber-associates; how he parted from them, his appearance before the state attorney, the court, the transfer prisons, the compulsory labor. When he awoke and convinced himself that he had only been dreaming, he thanked the Lord anew for what He had done. At the breakfast-table, he again expressed the same astonishment and admiration at the wonderful grace of God in caring for the orphans.

Shura asked her brother to relate his experiences from the time of the parting beside the snow-fences at the railroad station. She herself had had to suffer much in the barracks for the girls, and had remained there till late fall. With the beginning of autumn, since the barracks were not heated, an epidemic set in, and the children died by the dozen. Then the good people from the surrounding villages came and took the children with them, to save the little ones from freezing. Shura was taken by a poor but believing widow, who had four children of her own. In a small hut, where the flat roof was covered with turf, Shura spent the winter with Aunt Dunya (diminutive form of Eudoxia). There she had enough food. Aunt Dunya used to read the New Testament and pray with the children. In this colony there was also a school, which Shura attended; she studied diligently, enjoyed reading very much, and especially liked to read the New Testament. At the age of fourteen she experienced the grace and knowledge of salvation, and requested baptism, through which she entered into the fellowship of true believers.

Thus four more years passed. Shura grew up to young womanhood. She was known as a diligent worker and was the best singer in the choir. Everybody loved her. It would not have entered anybody's mind that she was not

the daughter of Aunt Dunya. They loved each other very much. The choir of the village often visited the neighboring villages and towns to witness for the Lord. Once the singers decided to visit the town where Shura now lived. There the Lord blessed their service richly. Under the influence of the spiritual messages, of the preacher, who had come with the choir, and under the effect of the wonderful singing, a number of people turned to the Lord; among them a young bookkeeper, who was employed in a business house. Within a year he became the husband of Shura, and they had since lived together in love and harmony. They were blessed with two children.

When Shura had finished her story, she reminded Pasha how he would have thrown himself under the train after the death of their parents, and how she prevailed upon him not to take this desperate step, saying: "Despair not, my beloved, God will not forsake us." Now Pasha and Shura were constrained to think of the words of the Psalmist: "Sing unto God, sing praises to His name. A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation. God setteth the solitary in families: he bringeth out those which are bound with chains" (Psalm 68.4-6). And they praised the Lord anew.

Shura approved of the intention of her brother, to return to the old home and call the relatives and acquaintances to Christ, and she was also desirous to accompany him on the journey and to help him in the work among the unsaved. Alexey Vasilievich heartily agreed with the plan, and promised to watch over the boy, while Shura was to take the girl along. He also furnished the necessary money for the trip.

Three days later the brother and sister were on their way toward European Russia. With Soloviev, they passed through Samara, Saratov, Pensa, Voronezh, Kursk, and Kiev; in the latter city Soloviev parted with Pasha and Shura to go to his home village, in the hope, after having seen his mother, of returning to them. The brother and sister continued their journey to the government of Mogilev, and finally reached their home town of Sosnovka. Having arrived there, and having inquired for the family of Tikhomirov, they found two brothers of their father, two aunts, and some distant relatives still living. All were surprised at the appearance of Pasha and Shura, of whom they had heard that, after the death of their parents before reaching their destination, they too had perished. Everybody invited them as welcome guests.

Soon they learned that their young relatives were evangelists, who refused to celebrate the joy of meeting again by drinking, because it was not becoming to Christians. But why not, asked the inhabitants of the village; were they not also Christians?—yet they drank liquor at every opportunity. Such questions usually started a discussion, which later turned to the reading of God's Word. Pasha's narration of how he came to the new life made a great impression upon all. Almost every evening the inhabitants of Sosnovka gathered at the Tikhomirov home to hear the Word of God; very gradually the truth of the Gospel broke down the barriers of the old prejudices of their purely outward form of religion. Many found Christ as their personal Saviour, and decided to devote their lives wholly to Him.

Then came a new testing-time. The priests were stirred up, and aroused the police of the whole district, insisting that the convict had come and ruined the foundation of the orthodox faith of the people, and that if the authorities did not capture him, even the foundations of the state would be endangered by the new teaching. At night a policeman appeared in the dwelling of the Tikhomirovs, and led Paul to the head of the county police, where the next morning the examining magistrate and the priest appeared.

After the investigation, a bill charging seduction of the people was filed. While awaiting the court trial, Tikhomirov was taken to the county prison under police guard.

Shura sorrowed very much for her brother. She had to return to Siberia without being able to see him again, because visiting the arrested ones was forbidden before the trial. After a few days, Pasha wrote the following letter to his sister: "My dear sister Shura: I beg you not to be sorrowful about me. I am very glad to be in the prison, no longer as a thief and robber, but as a Christian, to take part in the sufferings of my Saviour. I rejoice therein indescribably, because in the prison many lost souls thirst after salvation, to whom I am permitted to bring Christ. Be not dismayed, but pray for me. I greet you and your husband and children with a kiss."

A whole year passed before the court trial; by that time Paul had been in three prisons. Everywhere he preached Christ, and everywhere sinners decided to follow the way of salvation. The prison chaplains, however, asked the authorities to deliver them from this heretic, with whom they could not live peaceably. The court condemned Tikhomirov to banishment for two years in the government of Yeniseyek, on the charge of seduction of the Orthodox believers. Investigation brought to light the fact that in Sosnovka alone, about a hundred persons had ceased to go to confession to the priest and to worship the holy pictures.

Soon after his condemnation Paul was carried again, by the way of the transport prisons, to the country so well known to him—Siberia. He succeeded in notifying Shura and her husband in which train he should pass the nearest railroad station, and they went there to see him once more. They were permitted only to greet him through the bars of the prison-cars. Shura cried, because she felt sorry for her brother; but he looked at her smiling, and let her know thereby that he was glad to be permitted to suffer for Christ's sake.

Two years passed. The conduct of Tikhomirov during his banishment reflected constantly that pure and holy life of the Christ, which was the cause of the success of his testimony. During those two years he was in continual communication by letter with Shura, and also with Soloviev. The latter informed him that he was remaining in his native village, where a small group of Gospel Christians had given him a brotherly welcome, and that he was permitted to work among them with great blessing. His mother was still alive, and very happy because God had answered her prayers and saved him. She was spending the last days of her life with her son, who was now an honest and chaste Christian.

After serving the term of his banishment, Pasha returned to his sister, fully determined to devote his whole life to the salvation of lost sinners. He would not be bound in marriage, so that nothing should hinder him in the proclamation of that Gospel which had changed him and many others so completely. He worked in the congregation of the town in which Shura lived, and also in other towns in Siberia; but his permanent dwelling was with his sister, to the joy of his brother-in-law also. Shura often accompanied her brother on his trips into the villages, as his co-worker in the vineyard of the Lord. The spiritual life of the congregation made rapid progress.

Paul Tikhomirov wrote the following words on the first page of the New Testament, which he had taken from the brother whom he had slain: "Forgive me for Christ's sake, beloved brother: I put you to death while I myself was dead in my sins. The Lord hath forgiven me and raised me to a new life. Thy untimely bodily death was the means of leading not only me, but also many other sinners and murderers, to the Eternal Life. Thy New Testament

softened my hard heart as a living stream, assuaged my thirst, and continues to flow farther, quickening and giving life to other souls also. For this I praise thy and my God. Amen!"

In thankfulness for the blessing obtained through reading this life-story, the effort has been made, by means of this translation, to enable others also to be partakers of that blessing which comes from a sincere and serious acceptance of the Word of God. It is suggested that by repeated reading one may not only gain a better knowledge of the incidents described, but also may come to have a more correct appreciation of his own condition, as it is in the sight of God. This effort is made with prayer that the reader may search his own heart, to see if he can measure up to the standard of God.

CHARLES LUKESH.

THE END

"Not Knowing Whither They Went"

Has your heart been stirred by reading the installments of the foregoing tale, translated by our missionary, Rev. Charles Lukesh? You will not need to be reminded how he and his wife Edna returned to their mission station in Znojmo, Czechoslovakia, following the second World War. Now hazardous conditions abroad are once more making the tenure of the missionaries' positions uncertain. As we go to press a cablegram from the Lukeshes informs us that they have had to leave Znojmo, but gives no details. We wait for further news, and for permission to share it with our readers at a later time. Meanwhile, in faith that they will return once more to their field of labor, we print a further report of what they were able to accomplish before leaving there.

Znojmo, January 15, 1950.

Dear Prayer-helpers:-

"Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it: and if it bear fruit, well. . . ."—Luke 13.8-9.

Considering what might be an appropriate motto for the first prayer-letter of this year, I was at once impressed by the above words, from the Lord's parable about the barren fig-tree. This passage brings out the wonderful patience of the Lord, who does not want anyone to perish, while it is still the time of grace. But the incident of the cursed fig-tree, toward the end of the Lord's ministry, shows the swiftness of punishment at His word—there will be no reconsideration then! We cannot but see that the day is far spent, and the night almost upon us, when no man can work.

We had hopes that the developments here might ease up the yoke that is galling the people's necks, and which they are unable to bear, even as the Apostle Peter says in Acts 15. But so far, this relief has not materialized, for Satan takes care not to release his strangle-hold on his victims, even though circumstances change. Shall the Lord's people be less diligent for the salvation of souls, than the devil is determined to damn them? We are aware that there is some danger in holding out on a sinking ship, but so long as souls may be saved, we will stick it out, by His grace. Only we ask for an increasing volume of intercessory prayer, that the Lord may guide us to just what He would have us do.

There is no lack of variety of experience in dealing with the Roman Catholics. For instance, one young man, trying to put aside an invitation to

our meetings, claimed to have given his word of honor to repair something privately that night. Of course he wants to keep his word—to man. But, like so many others, he does not realize that every time he repeats the Lord's Prayer he does give his word of honor to the Lord Almighty, to do His will on this earth as it is done in heaven. How little is that regarded, surely not as a word of honor, as it should be.

Oh, yes, we have some work in the country, only it seems that the thistles and briars grow faster than the good seed. One of the interested parties faces an unfortunate tangle, which is typical. Among the country people there is the bad habit that the parents insist on doing the matchmaking for their children. This woman was compelled to turn away from the man she preferred, and marry one who was her father's choice. He, being a German, preferred to live in Austria after the war, while her family wanted her to care for the homestead, promising it to her boy. In the meantime, the husband found a new mate and divorced his former wife, who was not aware of it till too late. The matchmaking father found a new mate for her, and she was living with that man, when she came in contact with the Gospel. Now she is in a quandary what to do. If she dismisses this man, she will lose much-needed help on the farm, while to marry him is not seemly. It is so easy for Satan to cause a mix-up, but how shall one straighten out such a mess? This is just one of a great variety of cases.

Facing the multiple of such situations, I wonder what is meant by the recurring remark: "Hope you are encouraged in the work of winning souls." Which is more important—the need of the people in darkness, or the report of people flocking to hear, and getting converted in droves? Where things are given away, crowds will easily gather, just as when the Lord fed the five thousand with the loaves and fishes, and they sought to proclaim Him King. But as soon as He reached their hearts, they cried, "This is a hard saying," and left Him, so that He even asked the Twelve, "Will you also go away?" He wisely chose to try His real followers by hardships—should He have changed His way today? The circumstances here now do not favor large gatherings, mass conversions. Shall we cease to pluck the brands from the fire?

The Lord has foretold that there will be enemies in one's own household. Take a certain family of four generations of females, the youngest but five years old. The grandmother and the great-grandchild are for the Lord. The little one insists on having Bible stories read to her, as better than any others, being real and true. She grasps the truth far better than the great-grandmother, and admonishes her, the two being often together. The little one insisted on learning four little poems for Christmas, and repeated the fifty-two Golden Text verses for the year, at the New Year's test. Her mother, though coming to the Sunday afternoon meetings, remains unmoved by the Word.

Another woman boasted that she was carrying the sixth fattened goose to the doctor who operated on her five years ago. "One must be thankful and show appreciation," she said. When shown how thankless she is to God, who gives her health and life, while to Him she gives, at best, a candle, she exclaimed: "If He were here, I would give Him a goose also!" When we tried to show her that God does not need her goose, but wants her heart, she brushed all this aside, with the determined "I don't understand all this!" She had a keen grasp of anything else that was told her, but for the things of God she had but a shrug of her shoulders.

Thank you for your faithful prayers in the past year, and we trust you will continue to uphold us at the throne of grace, till He come.

CHARLES and EDNA LUKESH.

Tarrying by the Stuff

HAPPY GERMAN WOMEN OPENING OUR BOXES

One part of our ministry which goes forward quietly, but with the utmost regularity, is the sending of packages of used clothing to needy families abroad. These go out from our home office, in addition to food-packages sent through CARE and other organizations. The clothing is, of course, donated by our friends in this country; and sometimes the boxes contain special gifts of food and drugs and sundries requested by the recipients. We have a list of more than three hundred needy families, in Germany and other lands abroad, to whom we minister in this way. The names have been furnished by Brother Stettler and by our other missionaries. We would call attention particularly to this ministry at this time because some of our friends may not realize that it continues through the summer. Clothing is always needed. Unfailingly, every day throughout the past year, packages have been prepared, and the kindness of a friend has made it possible for them to go to the postoffice regularly at the end of each month.

All kinds of clothing for men, women and children, shoes, canned goods, pencils, paper, combs, pins, needles, thread, almost any useful small things that will send well and will not break—these are urgently needed. If you wish to be of the greatest help to us, won't you please pack your gifts in strong, rather small cartons that can be re-used for shipment abroad? It will then only be necessary to remove the contents, catalogue them on the customs tags, replace them, and add the strong outer wrappings that we use. Most of the boxes we send are about 8 x 12 x 18 inches in size, or less, but these measurements are merely a suggestion for your guidance. If you have more clothing to give than such a box will hold, why not send several? This coöperation will be appreciated. All such gifts are acknowledged on the day they are received, and the giver is told the name of the family abroad to whom his gift will be sent. The joy shown on the faces of the women pictured here is also typical of the hundreds of grateful letters, in many languages, which fill our filing-cabinets to overflowing. Here is a way for you to help, which does not require large offerings, but only a little time, thought and effort—and sharing of what you have.

France for Christ

Paris, March 1, 1950.

Dear praying friends:-

"Righteousness shall go before him, and shall set us in the way of His steps." There has been a deepened sense of His presence and guidance these last months, when we have been out in evangelistic work, arranging prayer-

groups in different towns and villages—and all along the way, have been looking out for a home. When He sendeth out His sheep, He goeth before them; our steps have been ordered by the Lord. What a privilege to be in Nice once more, to meet so many old friends, to recall all the past, when we walked and worked for the Lord there among the persecuted, suffering Jews; and now, to rejoice in the fact that there has been abiding fruit. A mere girl, with her mother, who was so eager to learn the Word of God, and who miraculously escaped the Gestapo—they are now in Montevideo, bearing a fine testimony to the Jews there. A Russian sister in the Lord, who has Israel on her heart, had made ready for our coming, so that we found a prepared work. Day by day we sat among the Jews—so eager to listen to the Word of prophecy fulfilled before our eyes today. There is an awakening among Israel; their hearts and minds are in Palestine—oh, the wonder of it!—so many understand the times, and some are born again. And the joy and blessing of continued prayer-fellowship with sisters of like precious faith! There is so much more, if one had time to tell, about this city of carnival, lust and pleasure, situated between the snow-capped Alps and the blue Mediterranean. So many go there to enjoy the pleasure for a season; the needs and opportunities present themselves on every corner. We know some faithful, devoted workers, and we commend them to your believing prayers.

Lyon is, in a way, the best field of service in France: not a single witness to Israel, no work among the large student body, and whole sections of the outskirts where poor people are huddled together, producing hotbeds of all kinds of social evils. The Communists are strong and growing, the darkest Catholicism, spiritualism, and all modern cults, with their poisonous literature, literally invading the town and winning devotees. It was there that God gave us a work last year, and we were encouraged to meet our converts walking in the truth, and eager to witness to others. A student of medicine, so sweet and convincing in her new-found faith, is even teaching, asking me to make out the lessons. Her young brother, ill with infantile paralysis, is reading the Life of Hudson Taylor and other helpful books. We have a small library circulating all the time. Last year we had a ministry among Scandinavians, Germans, Armenians, and English-speaking people, besides the Jews and French. And as we met them, they just pleaded with us to come again and help them.

St. Péray is like an old battleground, with ever so many old friends, very poor and sick ones, and the doors and hearts are wide open—and to hear the children's welcome, "You have arrived!" We coöperate with dear, devoted young Frenchmen in prison and hospital work; we bring to the neglected and forgotten ones your gifts. And we do thank you for the CARE and other parcels—what joy these brought at Christmas to those for whom nothing had been prepared! Just think of those condemned to forced labor for life, in some cases without relatives or friends; what a grace, what a gift of God, to be permitted to pray and help these poor ones for whom Christ died. Help us, dear friends, all you can, but above all, pray, pray, pray!

Dr. Cooper, of the Biblical Research Society, is scheduled to be in Paris the 6th of March, on his way home from Palestine. We are preparing meetings, and looking forward with joy and anticipation to seeing him, and hearing about his experiences in the Promised Land, in the light of the Word of God.

Our young fellow-workers are doing well. Lorraine Woodson is giving most of her time to the study of French, and coming along fine. Her sweet voice is much appreciated—she is like a sweet singer to Israel. The Swiss girl, Marlise Erhardt, with whom we had blessed fellowship in the past, is

a promising worker among students and teachers of the Word of God. They have together done all to establish the converts here in Paris in the truth. Jean-Pierre and his mother are growing and coming into the meaning of life.

We are still facing the problem of housing. We can now have flats both in Nice and in Lyon, but with high "key-money"—and even if we could provide this, we are doubting, because it is against the laws of the land, which the Word tells us to keep. We have, all three of us, been before the Lord, and committed it to Him who is more than able to provide. As it is, the home must either be given or bought. Desiring with all our hearts that it should be a home of blessing, an Upper Room, with prayer for all men, we cannot have anything between—we must have holy ground to stand on. Meanwhile, a Christian lady has given us the use of a larger room in Lyon, and we shall soon begin again in this needy city, watching and waiting to see what the Lord will do.

We are constantly praising God for every one of you who has stood with us in the fight of faith; and looking into the future, it comforts and strengthens us to know that we are fellow-workers together with God. It is the Father's work, and the Son's prayer was that we should be one. This makes our service so great and large; it reaches to the ends of the earth, and it deepens as we continue steadfastly in prayer for all saints, according to the will and purpose of God. Personal greetings to each one of you in the Name of our Lord.

Your fellow-worker in France,

TORDIS CHRISTOFFERSEN.

(We have not told Miss Christoffersen that her fund is very low. Must we tell her? What would you have us do? This is an investment paying rich dividends for both time and eternity.)

Known But to God

(We print selections from a letter written by one of our full-time workers, who has adjured us most earnestly not to give her name or the country in which she works: "It is not safe." Our readers will guess her identity, and will pray for her, for her husband, and her son. The letter was written in January.)

My dearest Sister Ruth:-

My small family is well, though passing through great hardships, which are polishing the diamond of our souls to the utmost. The Lord of Lords has been with us. His presence and guidance is the happiness which we are tasting. Oh, how much I have to tell you! I wish I could talk with you for hours and hours, in order to share with you all that is in my soul, but you are so far away. Some days this wish is so strong in me that I go to our parlor and look at the pictures of your mother, father and yourself, and my thoughts for you become almost audible. Little by little my whispering passes into prayer. There, before the Throne of God, is the place where we can truly meet and tell all our sorrows, fears and joys. How could we have lived without this place of mercy and comfort! Praise be to His Name!

Not long ago, in one of my weekly hospital visits, I met the father of a sick child in the hall. He was an unusually beautiful and intelligent child, but he had to undergo a major operation, which the doctors had postponed on account of its seriousness. The father was very much worried, and I chanced to meet him at that moment. He lived at a considerable distance, and his weekly trips to that hospital had become unbearably expensive for him. I

tried to comfort him, and promised that I would take care of the child, so that he need not come so often. I visited the child daily, got in touch with the surgeons, and made the arrangements for the operation. At the time of the operation, which was successful, the boy's parents stayed in my home, where I could talk with them. I took them also with me to church, and when they were away, I wrote them many letters about the child's progress. We became great friends. As they started home, they had no words to tell me how much they appreciated and were touched by the Christian love they had experienced. The whole family was won for Christ.

Here is another incident which happened around Christmas-time. One day, on passing the hospital, my husband saw a dark young man sitting on the ground, which was very damp, and the weather was very cold. He had just opened his bag to have lunch. My husband stopped and asked him why he was sitting on the muddy ground, and whether he had no friends here. The young man said that he knew no one in this big city, and that he had come from a distance to see his young bride, who had to undergo a serious kidney operation. He had to wait two hours before he could see her. So my husband invited him to come home for lunch. He was greatly moved by the invitation, and very much impressed by the atmosphere in our home—the prayer, the conversation, and the interest taken in his personal life and problems.

After lunch I went with him to see his bride. She was a very interesting-looking girl, dark-haired, with big blue eyes, finely curved eyebrows, brilliant white teeth, and rich red mouth. Lying there on the white sheets, she looked very beautiful. She was very weak and could not eat, so I fed her with the spoon. After the visit I assured the young bridegroom that he need not come so often, that I would take care of her until the time when I could send him a telegram to come and take her home. I visited her several times, ministering to her bodily as well as spiritual needs.

Three days before Christmas I called him to come and take her home. She was well but very weak. However, the doctor wanted to make an examination of the other kidney, but he was very busy and could not see her. As they had no other place to go, they were obliged to come back to our house and spend the night. In the morning I asked a friend to beg the doctor to take her first for examination, so that they could take the noon train. This was done, but then the radio announced that a mountain rock had fallen on the railroad tracks, so that the passengers would have to walk several kilometers and then take another connection. We did not allow them to leave under such conditions, as the walk and the exposure would certainly have been fatal to the young woman at that time.

It was Christmas Eve, and they remained with us. After supper they saw the lighted Christmas tree and the presents lying there. There were presents for them too. How ecstatically happy was the bride when she got a black winter coat which I had received in one of the packages some time ago. Then we sang Christmas carols, read passages from the Bible, and told them the story of our newly born Saviour. Their hearts were wide open to receive the Gospel message, and that night they went to their room as a new man and woman. Early in the morning they got up and went home with hearts overflowing with gratitude. Later on we found that they were not merely peasants from some remote place, but gypsies. Then we could understand why they constantly felt so abashed and uneasy at our warm welcome. They were accustomed to be treated otherwise, and there was no room for them anywhere on that Christmas Eve. Now I feel doubly happy because they were gypsies, and because Christ was born and died for them also. . . .

Spending and Being Spent

Vienna, Austria, January 15, 1950.

Dear Ones in America:-

Time is short, the work is pressing, the end is near! That is why I have not been able to write about our work for a long time, and I am afraid our dear Christian friends in America will think that we are not doing anything, or that conditions have changed so much for the better in Austria, that we do not need help and prayer any more. Oh, if they only knew how great the need still is, they would think otherwise. In fact, I meet with so much misery and suffering that sometimes I feel I can't bear it any longer.

People to whom we bring the Word of God expect to see something of His love and our sympathy, not only in words, but in deeds, and then we stand often so helpless before them, and they ask: "Well, where is your rich and mighty God?" As usual, I received a personal Christmas gift from the Moody Church, and as our money stands so low now, I got a good rate of exchange for it. I had made up my mind this time, for the first time, to use it really for myself personally, for most important things, of which I have been in need for years. But lo, before I had bought one single thing for myself, the money was gone, used up to bring a little comfort and joy to others in so much greater need than myself. What we can do is only just like a drop into the sea, or like pouring water on sand. Anyone who comes to Austria may think we are rich and have everything we need and more, but he does not consider the prices of the things that fill the shop-windows, and the empty pocketbooks of our people.

Conditions seem absolutely hopeless; war seems to be so very near. In the colonies people have been ordered to have the bells on their front gates fixed, so that they can be warned in case of sudden alarm. Darkness and fear are around us and over us, but God is there, our Almighty King of kings, our dear and loving Lord and Master who is over all. He is our only hope and stay, and to Him we try to lead our poor Austrian people as well as all the displaced persons, strangers within our borders, for most of them are far from Him, and therefore they are so alone, so forsaken in their suffering. Those that do not come to meetings we try to reach with tracts and the printed Word of God on the streets and wherever we may meet them, praying earnestly that it may not come back void, but may accomplish in their hearts and lives that for which it was sent.

Out in the settlements and colonies around Vienna where I go every week to visit, often through snow and storm and heavy frost, and where I hold women's meetings, I have the joy to see that the work is not in vain, but that the Lord gains entrance into their hearts and homes. They confess that their lives have been changed and are still changing, since they have trusted Him and taken Him as their Saviour.

At our Advent festival for women we had a very blessed time again, as in former years. The hall was nicely decorated with evergreens, and the tables were covered in white, decorated with many candles and little pine branches, the fragrance of which filled the hall. The place was filled to capacity, with ninety-six women present. Pastor Monsky spoke to us, and there was much singing, reciting of poems and the precious promises of God, everything leading up to the thought: Christ has come at Christmas as a little babe, the Redeemer of the world, and He is coming again as Lord and King, to gather His bride from all over the world. Oh, how wonderful, how glorious it will be when He comes for His own, to take them out of this world of sin and sorrow and pain, to translate them into His Kingdom of Heaven, to be with

Him for ever and ever. If we could only tell all the people out in the world what is waiting for them, what God has prepared for those who love Him and who trust His Son, they would come and be saved.

You dear Christians of America, don't you see how much we need your help, your sympathy, your prayers? The time is too short, war with all its terror and destruction is hanging over us. It may break out before this year is over, and then the doors will be closed again, there will be no connection between you and us, the devil will put an end to it and to our work here. What we want to do we have to do now, or it will be left undone for ever. Therefore, please, do continue in prayer for Austria and for all those who labor there. Pray that we may reach many souls that know Him not, that God may fill us with His Holy Spirit in the service for Him, and that His Word may not return unto Him void. Pray also for Bibles, New Testaments and Bible portions, in German, with *large* print. Others we have; but the print is too small for most of our weak and old people.

God bless you a thousand times for all you have done, are doing and still will do for us, for His sake!

Gratefully and lovingly,

EMMY H. STEYRER.

Austrian Anniversary

PASTOR MONSKY
PREACHING ON THE STREET

Pastor Max Monsky, of Vienna, has recently celebrated his 74th birthday anniversary, and is still actively engaged in the work of the Lord. In his new leaflet, "Sowing in Hope," he describes his present work. There is hardly a morning when he is not seen early on the streets of Mödling, bareheaded, a package of tracts in his hand, passing them out with a friendly greeting to the passers-by. Encouraged by the example of others who had preceded him, he began his street meetings in Vienna and Mödling (a suburb) in the summer of 1949. These meetings, in the midst of the noise and turmoil of the streets, opposite the railroad-station, were attended by many earnest listeners. People hurrying along on their daily tasks stopped and took the Word of God with them as they passed on. Although there was no need for it, policemen were ordered to be there to protect the speaker and keep the crowd quiet. In this way they too received the Gospel message. Unbowed, clearly blessed of God, fully equipped for his high office, Pastor Monsky can look back over fifty years of blessed work in the service of the evangelical church and the mission which he founded more than thirty years ago.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS—February and March, 1950
(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts.)

33945---$6.00 33978---$1.00 34011---$1.00 34044---$5.00
33946----1.00 33979----1.00 34012---15.00 34045----5.00
33947----2.00 33980---15.00 34013---11.09 34046---15.00
33948---50.00 33981----5.00 34014----2.00 34047---15.00
33949---10.00 33982---10.00 34015---10.00 34048----5.00
33950---60.00 33983----1.00 34016--103.00 34049----3.72
33951----2.00 33984----5.00 34017---35.00 34050----5.00
33952---50.00 33985---15.00 34018---10.00 34051---11.00
33953---40.00 33986----2.00 34019---75.00 34052----5.00
33954---10.00 33987---12.40 34020---15.00 34053----5.00
33955----1.00 33988----2.00 34021---10.00 34054---10.00
33956---15.00 33989----6.00 34022---50.00 34055--100.00
33957---11.00 33990---11.00 34023----2.00 34056----5.00
33958---35.00 33991----2.00 34024----5.00 34057---51.00
33959----5.00 33992---35.00 34025----2.00 34058----1.00
33960---20.00 33993---21.00 34026---10.00 34059----3.00
33961----2.00 33994---20.00 34027----5.00 34060---10.00
33962----2.00 33995---10.00 34028----2.00 34061---50.00
33963---10.00 33996----7.31 34029----8.66 34062---35.00
33964----1.50 33997---50.00 34030---16.00 34063---10.00
33965----1.00 33998----1.00 34031----1.00 34064--100.00
33966---50.00 33999---10.00 34032---10.00 34065---10.00
33967---10.00 34000---75.00 34033---10.00 34066----1.00
33968----2.00 34001----1.00 34034----1.00 34067---10.00
33969----5.00 34002----2.00 34035----1.00 34068---10.00
33970----5.00 34003----1.00 34036---10.00 34069---75.00
33971---10.00 34004---81.00 34037----1.00 34070----1.00
33972----2.00 34005---50.00 34038--100.00 34071---41.00
33973----5.00 34006----3.00 34039---10.00 34072----1.00
33974---75.00 34007----5.00 34040---12.00 34073----1.00
33975----2.00 34008----2.00 34041----3.00 34074----5.00
33976----1.00 34009---10.00 34042---10.00 34075---35.00
33977---50.00 34010---15.00 34043---15.00 34076---10.00

Two Automobiles

A gentleman in the Middle West, a friend of our work, has written a check to provide Brother Stettler with an automobile. While the identity of this donor is known to us, he evidently did not wish his name used, and it is accordingly withheld. We take this opportunity of recording our appreciation of his generous gift. God sees and knows.

Now while Brother Stettler is taking automobile-lessons in Switzerland, our beloved sister, Jean Rhode, is having difficulties of her own in Florida. Her old car, which was practically "falling apart," recently had to be exchanged for a newer (though far from new) model, on which a sizable balance still remains to be paid,—a balance too large to be taken out of a missionary's allowance. The Fellowship desires to free her from the burden of this debt. The entire amount is not too large to be covered by a single offering from some kind friend. These lines are written in prayer. God will touch just one heart, as they are read. It may be yours.